Bob

CALLAN

"NICE PEOPLE DIE AT HOME"

by

ROBERT BANKS STEWART

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CAST

CALLAN
HUNTER
MERES
LONELY

MARSHALL
NADIA
BELUKOV
CHELENKO
ROSS
DOCTOR

SETS

INT. HUNTER'S OFFICE AND TARGET RANGE
INT. PET SHOP AND BACKSHOP
INT. PUB (CORNER TABLE)
INT. BEDROOM
INT. EMBASSY ROOM
INT. UNDERGROUND LIFT

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FADE IN

1. EXT. STREET. DAY.

CLOSE ON A DACHSHUND WADDLING ALONG THE PAVEMENT, ONE OF ITS HIND LEGS BANDAGED. LEADING THE DOG IS ERIC MARSHALL, A MAN ABOUT FIFTY IN A SHOP-KEEPER'S OVERALL. WE SEE HIM GREET SEVERAL OTHER TRADERS AND THEN ENTER HIS OWN PET SHOP, WHICH HAS THE USUAL ARRAY OF HUTCHES AND EMPTY BIRD-CAGES OUTSIDE. THERE IS ALSO A PLASTER PANDA WITH A COLLECTION BOX AROUND ITS NECK. FOR THE RSPCA.

2. INT. PET SHOP. DAY.

NADIA MARSHALL LOOKS UP AS HER FATHER ENTERS. SHE IS A SLIM, RATHER SEVERE-LOOKING GIRL IN HER LATE TWENTIES, ALSO DRESSED IN AN OVERALL. SHE IS SPONGING THE SHELL OF A TORTOISE.

NADIA: How is he?

MARSHALL: Much better, even if he still finds it a bit tricky at lamp-posts.

NADIA: F-ther!

THEY BOTH TALK WITH VERY SLIGHT ACCENTS. SMILING. NADIA REPLACES THE TORTOISE AND MAKES FOR THE BACKSHOP. MARSHALL GENTLY PUTS THE DOG IN ITS KENNEL.

MARSHALL: There we are, my little sausage.

AS HE TURNS HE GLANCES OUT OF THE WINDOW - TENSES AS SOMETHING CATCHES HIS ATTENTION.

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3. EXT. PET SHOP. DAY.

A MAN HAS STOPPED OUTSIDE THE SHOP WITH A SMALL BOY, WHO IS PUTTING COPPERS IN THE PANDA COLLECTION BOX. THE BOY MAKES A MOVE TO COME INTO THE SHOP, BUT THE MAN PULLS HIM AWAY, AND THEY WALK OFF ALONG THE PAVEMENT.

4. INT. PET SHOP. DAY.

CLOSE ON MARSHALL, FROWNING.

NADIA'S VOICE:(O.S.) Coffee's ready.

MARSHALL: All right, I'm coming.

FOR A MOMENT HE HESITATES, THEN OPENS THE DOOR AND STEPS OUT OF THE SHOP. CAMERA PANS BACK TO NADIA HOLDING TWO CUPS. SHE REACTS AS SHE SEES WHAT HER FATHER IS DOING. MARSHALL REAPPEARS WITH THE PANDA, LOCKS THE DOOR AND TURNS THE SIGN TO "CLOSED ". HE BRINGS THE PANDA FURTHER BACK INTO THE SHOP SO THAT NOTHING CAN BE SEEN FROM THE STREET. THEY EXCHANGE A LOOK, THEN MARSHALL OPENS THE COLLECTION BOX WITH A KEY. INSIDE, AS WELL AS COPPERS, ARE SEVERAL SLIPS OF PAPER. AS HE TAKES THEM OUT, MARSHALL'S SHOULDERS SEEM TO SAG A LITTLE.

MARSHALL: What time is it?

NADIA: Ten thirty. And it's the second Tuesday in the month.

MARSHALL' I know. Better do it now.

HE TURNS TO A SHELF ON WHICH THERE ARE TWO MICE CAGES, ONE EMPTY. AS HE REACHES FOR THE CAGE WITH THE MICE IN IT, NADIA JOINS HIM.

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NADIA: Let me lift that.

MARSHALL: I can manage. Bring the other cage.

5. INT. BACKSHOP. DAY

A SMALL KITCHEN LIVING ROOM. DIVAN BED IN CORNER. MARSHALL CARRIES THE FIRST MICE CAGE, WHICH SEEMS STRANGELY HEAVY, TO A TABLE AND LAYS IT DOWN. NADIA PUTS THE EMPTY ONE BESIDE IT, AND AS THEY TALK THE MICE ARE TRANSFERRED FROM ONE CAGE TO THE OTHER.

MARSHALL: I was hoping they'd leave us alone.

NADIA: It'll soon be someone else's turn.

MARSHALL: Yes. And that's the moment when one feels most nervous. Don't you feel nervous?

NADIA: I'll be glad when it's over, that's all. For your sake.

MARSHALL HAS REMOVED THE SOILED TRAY FROM THE BASE OF THE FIRST CAGE. AS HE REACHES INTO THE BASE CAMERA PUSHES IN CLOSE TO REVEAL A SLEEK, POWERFUL-LOOKING RADIO TRANSMITTER IN ITS MOUNTING.

OPENING CREDITS.

6. INT. HUNTER'S OFFICE. DAY.

ON A CHAIR BESIDE HUNTER'S DESK SITS A PUGGY LOOKING DOG. HUNTER FEEDS IT A BISCUIT. SHOW CALLAN, BORED.

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CALLAN: Dogs do resemble thoir masters. I'll bet Meres has to keep his chained up.

HUNTER: You aren't fond of animals, Callan?

CALLAN: Mostly I like 'em better than people.

HUNTER: (FONDLING DOG) Bought this chap this morning. Birthday present for my youngest. What do you think of Caesar for a name?

CALLAN: Two.....in one family?

HUNTER: I was hoping we were going to have a cordial meal.

CALLAN: I was hoping we were going to have a meal. (LOOKS POINTEDLY AT HIS WATCH) It's one-fifty.

HUNTER FLIPS HIS INTERCOM, SPEAKS INTO IT.

HUNTER: Sandwiches and coffee.

CALLAN: You never did spend your expenses.

NIBBLING A DOG BISCUIT, HUNTER CROSSES TO A PROJECTOR.

HUNTER: A working lunch. Just the same, I think I can serve up something hard to resist. Not quite on a plate, of course....

CALLAN'S VOICE: (SOV) Come on, Hunter. Skip the commercial, and get to it. I want the pleasure of spitting it out in your face.

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HUNTER PROJECTS A PICTURE OF THE PET SHOP. CALLAN PAUSES ON HIS WAY OUT.

HUNTER: Marshall's Pet Shop, Shepherd's Bush.

CALLAN: Where you went to see a man about a pug?

HUNTER: This man. (PROJECTS PICTURE) Eric Marshall, aged fifty-two, resident in Britain for four years. Popular in his neighbourhood. Real name...Mareschke. Real occupation... spy.

NOW HUNTER PUTS UP A PICTURE OF NADIA.

HUNTER: His daughter, Nadia. She's also trained in espionage. The pet shop's a little more than a sub post-office. We've known about it for over six months.

CALLAN: You haven't bothered to pick them up, so you've been making use of them.

HUNTER:(NODS) Planted the odd false titbit, which they've unwittingly passed on. The Marshalls are really no more than the clerks of their "ring" - radioing at prearranged times, reducing stuff to microdots, delivering to dead letter boxes around London.

CALLAN: Just the sort of cushy number I used to fancy sometimes.

HUNTER: And repeatedly tried to be transferred to.

CALLAN:Only to be blocked by you, you bastard.

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HUNTER: You're too special, Callan.

CALLAN: Wrong tense. I was. I'm out of the game, remember?

HUNTER: Which increases your usefulness.

CUT TO:

7. INT. TARGET RANGE. DAY.

VERY CLOSE ON ROSS, WHOSE FACE FILLS THE SCREEN, COVERED WITH SWEAT. THERE IS A ROAR OF GUNSHOT.

MERES' VOICE: (O.S.) Once again. Your name?

ROSS: Ross.

ANOTHER SHOT CRASHES OUT.

MERE'S VOICE: (O.S.) Roscovitch. Get it right.

ANOTHER ANGLE TO SHOW ROSS IS SEATED IN A CHAIR AT THE TARGET END, HIS ARMS PINNED BEHIND HIS BACK BY A PAIR OF HANDCUFFS ATTACHED TO A METAL BAR. ON A NEARBY TABLE IS A SUITCASE, THE CONTENTS OF WHICH HAVE BEEN LAID OUT ALONG WITH ROSS'S JACKET AND OTHER PERSONAL EFFECTS. MERES RELOADS A REVOLVER AT THE AIMING POINT, VISIBLY ENJOYING HIMSELF.

MERES: You'll tire me out. Spoil my aim. You wouldn't want that, would you? So why not be sensible, and talk?

ROSS: I tell you, you must have got the wrong man at the airport. It's ridiculous to suggest I'm a spy.

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HE SPEAKS WITH A STIFF, CORRECT ENGLISH ACCENT.

MERES: Really? (TAKES AIM) Let's see... a magpie at three o'clock. That should be just past your left ear. Jolly good accent you have, by the way.

ROSS KEEPS HIS HEAD PAINFULLY STILL AS MERES FIRES AGAIN. AS THE BULLET MISSES HIM, HE SAGS WITH RELIEF.

ROSS: This is a nightmare.

MERES: Isn't it.

ROSS: I never thought it would happen in this country.

MERES: Frightfully bad taste to welcome you like this, I agree. But we do need information from you rather urgently. Just a spot of in-filling, like code names and so on.

ROSS: Since I haven't the ghost of an idea what you're talking about, how can I assist?

MERES: 'Ghost of an idea'? Goodness, you chaps are really getting nifty with the English! Almost Cambridge Entrance. Who'd ever think you came straight from Vladivostok?

ROSS: You've got my passport. I'm as English as you are.

MERES: (LAYS DOWN GUN) Look, you and I, Roscovitch, we're in the same business. I admire your nerve. I don't want to break it. (HE OPENS A CUPBOARD AND BRINGS OUT A GOLF CLUB) Face up to it - you've joined the hole-in-one club. Straight into our hands.

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ROSS STARES AT THE GOLF CLUB, NOW MERES BRINGS OUT A BOX OF BALLS.

ROSS: What's that for?

MERES: Do youplay golf?

ROSS: No

MERES: My favourite game. Seldom get the chance these days, but I like to keep in trim. Don't tell my chief, but I use this place for practice swings. Ideal. You can blast the ball end to end. Hard as you like.

MERES PLACES A BALL ON AN INDOOR PRACTICE TEE, PREPARES HIS STANCE TO DRIVE. SHOW ROSS'S EXPRESSION. THEN MERES DRIVES WITH A VICIOUS WHOOSH. HOLD ON HIM.

MERES: Sliced a bit, there.

CUT TO:

8. INT. HUNTER'S OFFICE. DAY.

HUNTER IS SHOWING PHOTOGRAPHS OF MARSHALL HANDLING SEVERAL RATHER WILD-LOOKING ABSTRACTS ON RAILINGS AT ONE OF LONDON'S "PAVEMENT" GALLERIES.

HUNTER: We believe that's one of their hand-over methods. Easy to fix microdot to one of those splodges. Then someone comes along and buys the painting.

CALLAN IS TRYING A SANDWICH FROM A PLATE ON THE DESK.

CALLAN: Your home movies bore me, Hunter. (CHUCKS SANDWICH IN BASKET) So do your sandwiches

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HE STARTS TO LEAVE.

HUNTER: Wait.....

CALLAN: You don't need me. The Marshalls are for your routine berks.

HUNTER: They were merely a side dish. (BEAT) This is the one we want.

ANOTHER PHOTOGRAPH IS PROJECTED. AT THE DOOR CALLAN TURNS, REACTS. THE PICTURE IS OF A MAN ABOUT THE SAME AGE AS CALLAN. HIS NAME IS BELUKOV. HE IS SLAV IN APPEARANCE DARK, HANDSOME, IN A TOUGH, VICIOUS WAY. THE SIGHT OF HIM HAS A PROFOUND EFFECT ON CALLAN, WHO WALKS SLOWLY BACK TO GAZE AT HIM.

CALLAN: Belukov?

HUNTER: His name always makes me think of caviare.

CALLAN: I wish you'd shut up about your stomach, or buy lunch. (BEAT) What's Belukov got to do with this? He's in the Middle East.

HUNTER: He was. Until he caught a virus. Now he's only fit for more temperate areas. Recently we discovered he's in London.

CALLAN CONTINUES TO STARE AT THE PICTURE. HE SEEMS ALMOST TO BE SWEATING WITH REMEMBERED HATRED.

CALLAN: Where?

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HUNTER:(WITH SATISFACTION) That's just the sort of look I'd hoped to see on your face.

HUNTER MOVES UP CLOSE TO CALLAN.

HUNTER: Beirut, wasn't it? I seem to remember you were very fond of her? She leaned forward to kiss you, at a table on the Excelsior. terrace, and got a bullet in the back. Belukov meant it for you.

CALLAN: (HARSHLY) I asked you, where is he?

HUNTER: In their Embassy.

CALLAN: With diplomatic cover?

HUNTER: The usual trade delegate.

CALLAN: But the usual trade.....

HUNTER: He looks after several spy rings in this country - as a sort of network controller.

CALLAN: That's an old picture. Taken in Beirut.

HUNTER: You're right. Although Belukov's in London, so far as we can gather he never puts a foot outside the Embassy building.

CALLAN: He will. He isn't the type to rust his rear off at a desk.

CAMERA CATCHES HUNTER'S EXPRESSION AS HE IS ABOUT TO SIT DOWN AT HIS OWN DESK.

HUNTER: I'm inclined to agree. Sooner or later he's bound to come out (BEAT) I want him sooner.

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CALLAN: Without CD plates on?

HUNTER: Naturally. It's got to be a good, clean job. (SHRUGS) In the back, if you prefer a certain poetry.

CALLAN: You've got it 'made' this time, haven't you. You know I'll do it. You know I have to.

HUNTER: (CLAPS HIM ON BACK) It's a pleasant change, Callan, not having to force you into something.

CALLAN: You're forgetting one thing. Belukov ha to be drawn out into the open.

HUNTER: That's why I showed you the pet shop. Marshall and his daughter are being recalled. And replaced.

CUT TO:

9 INT. BACKSHOP. NIGHT.

A MOBILE "DARKROOM" HAS BEEN SET UP AT THE SINK. MARSHALL IS PEERING THROUGH A MICROSCOPE RESTING ON A TOP SURFACE NEARBY. INSERT: PART OF A TYPED DOCUMENT, MAGNIFIED FROM A MICRODOT. MARSHALL STRAIGHTENS, SATISFIED WITH THE RESULT. FOR A MOMENT HE RUBS HIS EYES, THEN HE TRANSFERS THE DOT WITH A PAIR OF TWEEZERS TO A ROW OF SIMILAR DOTS IN THE FLIP-TOP OF A CIGARETTE PACKET. BEFORE CLOSING THE PACKET HE TAKES OUT A CIGARETTE, LIGHTS IT. HE GLANCES WORRIEDLY AT THE CLOCK, WHICH SAYS FIVE PAST SEVEN, GOES OVER TO THE PHONE, DIALS.

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MARSHA:: (INTO PHONE) Flight Enquiries? I'd like to check on a passenger, a Mr. John Ross, who was arriving today from Johannesburg Yes, Ross. (HE WAITS) Yes? (SURPRISED) He has....? Flight 3058. What time did it arrive? At noon. I see. Thank you.

HE PUTS DOWN THE PHONE, FROWNS AT THE CLOCK. STUBBING OUT THE CIGARETTE HE CROSSES TO A TALL REFRIGERATOR, HAULS IT OUT FROM THE WALL WITH SOME DIFFICULTY. HE OPENS THE BACK AND STARTS TO PUT THE PHOTOGRAPHIC EQUIPMENT INTO A SPECIALLY MADE COMPARTMENT BESIDE THE MOTOR. HE HAS PACKED HALF THE THINGS AWAY WHEN THE DOORBELL SOUNDS. HASTILY HE PUSHES THE FRIDGE BACK INTO PLACE, THROWS A CLOTH OVER THE ITEMS STILL ON THE SINK.

10. INT. PET SHOP. NIGHT.

MARSHALL COMES OUT OF THE BACKSHOP, SWITCHING ON THE LIGHT, GOES TO THE DOOR. THE BLIND IS DOWN. HE LIFTS IT UP AND SEES IT IS NADIA. HE LETS HER IN.

MARSHALL: You forgot to give the usual ring.

NADIA: Sorry.

HE RELOCKS THE DOOR BEHIND HER.

MARSHALL: Don't get careless because we're going back. Or we won't ever get there.

NADIA: You're in a bad temper.

MARSHALL: Tired, that's all. And a little worried.

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NADIA: Why?

MARSHALL: It's after seven, and there's stillno sign of Roscovitch. I thought you might be him.

NADIA: Perhaps he's been delayed.

AS THEY WALK BACK THROUGH THE SHOP MARSHALL TAKES A TIN OF FOOD TO FEED FISH IN A TANK.

MARSHALL: He was on the plane that arrived at noon.

NADIA: Oh, well, he's probably taking the first look at London. Being in this business doesn't mean you can't get carried away with a new city.

MARSHALL: Being in this business means you follow orders. Surely he was instructed to come straight here?

NADIA: How do we know? He may have had some special call to make.

MARSHALL: In that case Belukov should have let us know.

HE GIVES AN EXCLAMATION OF ANNOYANCE AS HE ACCIDENTALLY DROPS THE SMALL FISH-FOOD TIN INTO THE TANK. NADIA LOOKS CLOSELY AT HIM.

NADIA: Are you feeling dizzy again?

MARSHALL: I've been processing.

NADIA: You should have let me make those dots. You know what your eyes are like.

AS HE GOES INTO THE BACKSHOP NADIA FISHES OUT THE TIN. HOLD ON HER WORRIED EXPRESSION AS SHE GAZES AFTER HIM.

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MARSHALL: (MORE ANGRY WITH HIMSELF) You can do it better?

NADIA: Come and sit down. You said you were tired.

CUT TO:

12. INT. HUNTER'S OFFICE. NIGHT.

CLOSE ON ROSS IN A CHAIR, UNSHAVEN, RATHER THE WORSE FOR WEAR.

MERES' VOICE: Get up!

PULL BACK AS ROSS GETS SLOWLY, SULLENLY TO HIS FEET. SHOW HUNTER AND MERES.

MERES: As you can see, he's roughly the same, sir.

HUNTER: Yes. (BEAT) But not quite the same as when he came in, Meres?

MERES: No, sir. Not quite.

HUNTER MOTIONS TO ROSE TO SIT DOWN AGAIN. HE NOTICES A FEW BRUISES.

HUNTER: Still, I suppose almost anything's better than a bullet, Roscovitch?

ROSS: Your man takes an unhealthy pleasure in his work.

HUNTER: I do have to curb him occasionally. But like your own side, there's a mixture of -

MERES:(HOTLY) Look, sir, I think that's hardly the sort of thing to say in front of -

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HUNTER RAISES A HAND TO CUT HIM SHORT.

HUNTER: I wasn't maligning you, Meres. Was I? The important thing is you achieved a rapport with our foreign colleague.

ROSS: I decided to co-operate when I knew how much you knew. Not because of him. -

HUNTER: Of course. (BEAT) Is this all you're prepared to furnish us with?

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ROSS REMAINS SILENT.

MERES: I could take him back in there, and -

HUNTER: (OVER) There isn't time. Marshall knows of his arrival - he phoned London Airport half an hour ago. (TO ROSS) We have the line tapped. All round, you didn't stand much of a chance.

ROSS: I didn't, did I

HUNTER: However, we aren't complete spoilsports. You'll reach your destination - even if you're a little late, and not quite word-perfect.

CUT TO:

13. INT. BACKSHOP. NIGHT

CALLAN IS HAVING A MEAL WITH MARSHALL AND NADIA, WHO OCCASIONALLY LEAVES THE TABLE TO SERVE. MARSHALL POURS ANOTHER DRINK, RAISES HIS GLASS.

MARSHALL: Prosit.

CALLAN: Cheers.

NADIA: That's about the sixth toast, you two!

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NADIA LOOKS AT HIM STRANGELY.

NADIA: You're certainly a quick learner, Mr. Ross. It's hard to believe you only just got here.

CALLAN: You flatter me.

NADIA: The accent's perfect.

CALLAN: Lower middle to working class.

NADIA: Almost as if you were born to it.

CALLAN: I studied it closely, from a defector. A British corporal who hopped it over the Berlin Wall.

MARSHALL: Berlin? (FROWNS) I thought you were in Copenhagen?

CALLAN: Had a month unattached before coming here.

MARSHALL: Ah. By the way, I meant to ask you about someone you're bound to have known in Denmark. Dear old Peter Keflik. How is he? We trained together a long time ago.

CALLAN: He's fine.

MARSHALL: Does he still have the house in Klampenborg?

CALLAN: I believe so.

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AT THAT MOMENT NADIA RETURNS TO THE TABLE WITH A DISH OF FOOD. SHE HOLDS IT OUT TO CALLAN AND TALKS TO HIM IN A FOREIGN TONGUE.

NADIA: Piroi, piroi taschkiv mabullion ne ka?

CLOSE ON CALLAN, UNABLE TO ANSWER. HIS FACE REMAINS IMPASSIVE. THERE IS A HEAVY PAUSE

MARSHALL: (TO NADIA) Kirosh piroi appani nevkov....niet?

NADIA: (TO CALLAN) Vayra yov?

CALLAN: I'm sure it's just like my old Mum used to bake. But I couldn't eat another thing. Also, I make it a rule to speak only the language of the country I'm in.

MARSHALL: You're quite right. It was our rule, too. But we've been here too long, Nadia and I. Lately we've grown a bit homesick.

NADIA: You'll unsettle him before he's even begun.

MARSHALL: You'll like it here. Most people are good-natured, kind. All that information we put through. Politics. I've often wanted to send just a simple, unsecret report on my neighbours. You might as well know it - I don't like spying any more.

NADIA LOOKS WORRIED BY THIS CONFESSION.

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NADIA: Father....

MARSHALL: It's the truth. Neither do you. If you ever did enjoy it.

NADIA: (TO CALLAN) You can tell he's ready for retirement! He wouldn't have risked saying such things a few years ago.

CALLAN: Don't worry. I'm not Belukov.

MARSHALL: The ringmaster. You've heard he's inclined to be....rigid?

NADIA: And ruthless. He lives up to his code-name. By which we should be calling him, even here.

MARSHALL: You know him personally?

CALLAN: We ran across each other's paths a few years ago. (BEAT) I'm looking forward to meeting up with him again.

NADIA: (SURPRISED) Meeting him?

CALLAN: Yes.

MARSHALL: I doubt if you'll do that. (HE FROWNS) Surely you know the system?

CALLAN: Set-ups vary. In Copenhagen we used to -

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MARSHALL: (OVER) But they must have explained that here in England -

CALLAN: (SWIFTLY INTERJECTING) Nobody meets face to face?

MARSHALL: Correct. It's been a strict policy since those two rings were broken some years ago.

CALLAN: I'd have thought that Belukov might make direct contact now and then.

NADIA: Never with us.

MARSHALL: He may rendezvous with others, of course. But we don't know of it. We're rather small-fry. (THEN) Another drink?

CALLAN: No, thanks.

HE GLANCES AT HIS WATCH, GETS TO HIS FEET, SHAKING HANDS WITH MARSHALL.

CALLAN: You can start briefing me about more important things tomorrow. Right now I'm flogged. (TO NADIA) Correct usage?

LAUGHING, SHE LEADS HIM OUT

14. INT. PET SHOP. NIGHT

AS THEY PASS THROUGH, CALLAN COLLECTING HIS SUITCASE.

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NADIA: You can also say 'whacked', or 'all in'.

CALLAN: I'll remember.

NADIA: I've fixed you a room at the pub across the street. I'll take you over.

CLOSE ON CALLAN AS HE FOLLOWS HER OUT.

CALLAN'S VOICE: (S.O.V.) These people are getting under my skin. They're too damn nice. Makes you forget what business they're in.

CUT TO:

15. INT. BACK SHOP. NIGHT

CLOSE ON MARSHALL AT THE PHONE.

MARSHALL: (INTO PHONE) Mr. Prospect? Marshall's Pet Shop here, sir. It's about your order from abroad. Yes...arrived safely. Take a few days to get used to the change, then I think he ought to be ready for you. A pleasure, sir.

HOLD ON HIM FOR A MOMENT AS HE HANGS UP.

CUT TO:

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16. INT. EMBASSY ROOM. NIGHT

BELUKOV. HE IS IN HIS SHIRT SLEEVES, SEATED AT A DESK. CHELENKO, HIS ASSISTANT, IS WALKING ACROSS TO THE DESK, HOLDING A PIECE OF PAPER.

CHELENKO: Roscovitch.

BELUKOV: Is he here?

CHELENKO: Yes, Colonel.

BELUKOV: (TAKES PAPER) Thank you, Chelenko. That makes my day.

CHELENKO: Yes, sir.

BELUKOV TOSSES DOWN THE PAPER AND RISES ENERGETICALLY FROM THE DESK. HE GIVES A SIGH, BRINGS OUT A VODKA BOTTLE AND POURS HIMSELF A STIFF DRINK.

BELUKOV: You know why, Chelenko? Because if this message hadn't come through, nothing would have happened today. Nothing (HE DRINKS) For over fourteen hours I've toiled at that desk.

CHELENKO: Yes sir.

BELUKOV: Doing what? Sums about the money this department spends. A list of changed code-names....silly British names, because it's the only way they'll deceive. An inventory of obsolete signal equipment stored in this embassy. And a letter to my

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BELUKOV: (CONT.) girl, the daughter. Beirut was awash in pretty girls. (BEAT) When do she and her father leave?

CHELENKO: They're due to go next week, sir.

BELUKOV HANDS OVER THE FILE.

BELUKOV: All right, make the arrangements, and leave instructions for them in the usual place. Cheap tourist holiday, the kind they could afford. Then they hire a car for the day. You know the rest.....

CUT TO:

17. INT. PUB. NIGHT

CALLAN AND NADIA AT A TABLE WITH DRINKS. HIS SUITCASE LIES ON A CHAIR.

CALLAN: An accident?

NADIA: Shortly after we're abroad.

CALLAN: Fatal?

NADIA: Naturally. Followed by one of those photographs in the English papers.

CALLAN: "Father and daughter in holiday tragedy"?

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CALLAN: I'll come across when you open up shop.

NADIA: Goodnight...cousin. I hope your room is comfortable.

CALLAN: I'm sure I'll find it just like home.

SHE GOES OUT OF SHOT. CALLAN FINISHES HIS DRINK, LIFTS HIS SUITCASE, AND STARTS TO GO UPSTAIRS.

CUT TO:

18. INT. PUB BEDROOM. NIGHT

ON THE DOOR. CALLAN OPENS IT TO FIND HUNTER SEATED BY THE BED. HE IS WEARING GLASSES AND IS CALMLY READING A BIBLE.

HUNTER: You'd better close the curtains.

CALLAN LAYS DOWN HIS SUITCASE AND CROSSES TO CLOSE THE CURTAINS. HUNTER GETS UP AND BEGINS TO PUT THE BIBLE AWAY IN THE DRAWER OF A BEDSIDE TABLE.

HUNTER: Your Gideon Bible.

WITHOUT REPLYING, CALLAN REMOVES HIS JACKET AND STRETCHES OUT ON THE BED. HUNTER PACES THROUGH THE CURTAINS.

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HUNTER: No slip-ups?

CALLAN: It's bloody hard work pretending you're a stranger in the middle of Shepherd's Bush.

HUNTER: I'm sure you can keep it going.

CALLAN: The Marshalls are everything you said they were. Hum-drum clerks. It's a waste of time.

HUNTER: Don't forget they're spies, Callan.

CALLAN: So what? In my book all spies are alike - unless I've a reason for hating them.

HUNTER: You'll reach Belukov through them.

CALLAN: Not a hope. The organisation is full of cut-outs, and Belukov never gets down to this level.

HUNTER: I think he can be made to pay them a visit.

CALLAN: What do you mean?

HUNTER: Simply that your joining the "ring" was only phase one. Phase two is what counts. All you have to do is pass an urgent, private message along the line to Belukov.

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CALLAN: I don't even know his present code-name. I can't ask, without giving myself away.

HUNTER: We'll get it for you.

CALLAN: What's the message?

HUNTER: That the Marshalls intend to defect, to stay in the West and talk. Belukov will come quickly enough...to kill them.

FADE OUT

END OF PART ONE

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FADE IN

PART TWO

19. INT. HUNTER'S OFFICE. DAY

HUNTER AND MERES, WATCHING THE TV MONITOR. WE SEE CALLAN AND NADIA OUTSIDE THE PET SHOP. THEY PAUSE TO HAVE A FEW WORDS ABOUT THE PLASTER PANDA, THEN HE HELPS HER TO FEED SOME RABBITS. CALLAN WEARS AN OVERALL.

MERES: Callan always did look like a tradesman, sir.

HUNTER: I must admit he has a convincing 'High Street' air about him.

MERES: Fits the part better than Roscovitch.

PULL BACK TO SHOW THAT "ROSS" IS WITH THEM, STARING AT THE MONITOR SCREEN.

HUNTER: I thought you'd like to see yourself settling in.

ROSS: Other eyes may be watching, too.

HUNTER: That's a risk we have to take.

ROSS: (INDICATES CALLAN) It seems to me he is the one who is running the risks.

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MERES: Oh, we like having Callan do some jobs for us.

ROSS: And if he's "blown"?

MERES: (SHRUGS) Naturally we can't help him.

ROSS: He won't be able to pose forever.

HUNTER: Just long enough.

ROSS: For what?

HUNTER: Well, for one thing, the girl's going to show him where your lot leave messages for each other.

ROSS: The places can easily be changed.

HUNTER: Not before we pick up a few useful trails. Especially the one that leads to Belukov.

ROSS: Who?

MERES: Colonel Max Belukov, your London boss.

ROSS: I don't know anyone by that name.

HUNTER LEANS VERY CLOSE TO HIM.

HUNTER: No. You'd communicate differently. By a code-name. (HARD) I want just one more thing from you. I want that code-name....

CUT TO:

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20. INT. UNDERGROUND (STOCK)

SHOT OF A TRAIN AT AN UNDERGROUND PLATFORM, THE DOORS JUST CLOSING.

CUT TO:

21. INT. AUTOMATIC LIFT

ON THE LIFT. A WOMAN TICKET COLLECTOR SEATED OUTSIDE. THE SOUND OF THE TUBE TRAIN PULLING AWAY CAN BE HEARD. THEN THE ECHO OF FOOTSTEPS ALONG THE CORRIDOR TO THE LIFT. A MAN APPEARS JUST AS THE DALEK-LIKE VOICE ANNOUNCES "STAND CLEAR OF THE GATES". HE HANDS OVER HIS TICKET AND GOES INTO THE LIFT, SITS DOWN ON THE BENCH SEAT, READS HIS NEWSPAPER. THE MAN IS CHELENKO, ASSISTANT TO BELUKOV. THE RECORDED VOICE REPEATS THE WARNING AND THE GATES CLOSE. CHELENKO IS THE SOLE PASSENGER. AS THE LIFT ASCENDS HE LAYS DOWN THE NEWSPAPER AND BRINGS A TINY OBJECT FROM HIS POCKET, REACHES UNDER THE BENCH AND AFFIXES IT. THE LIFT JOLTS TO A STOP AND THE OPPOSITE GATES OPEN. CHELENKO FOLDS HIS NEWSPAPER AND STARTS TO LEAVE. JUST AS HE IS STEPPING OUT OF THE LIFT TWO PEOPLE WALK INTO SHOT - NADIA AND CALLAN. THEY ENTER THE LIFT WITHOUT SPEAKING. CAMERA IS CLOSE ON CHELENKO AS HE RECOGNISES NADIA, THEN TRANSFERS HIS GLANCE TO CALLAN. HOLD ON HIM AS HE PAUSES OUTSIDE THE LIFT, LOOKS BACK, FROWNS. WE HEAR THE FIRST WARNING ABOUT THE GATES. SHOW HIS P.O.V. OF NADIA AND CALLAN, STILL SILENT. CUT BACK

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TO CHELENKO. SECOND ANNOUNCEMENT, THEN THE GATES CLOSE.

22. INT. AUTOMATIC LIFT

THE LIFT STARTS TO GO DOWN.

NADIA: It can be tricky getting the lift to yourself.

CALLAN: This is the post-box?

NADIA: Oneof the busiest. It's our direct link with head office.

CALLAN: The Embassy?

NADIA: Yes. Best to check it regularly.

SHE SITS DOWN ON THE BENCH AND STARTS TO FEEL UNDER IT, REACTS AS SHE FINDS SOMETHING.

CALLAN: Delivery day?

NADIA NODS AND TAKES A NAIL FILE FROM HER HANDBAG, PRISES OFF THE OBJECT PUT THERE BY CHELENKO. SHE HOLDS IT OUT IN THE PALM OF HER HAND.

NADIA: Drawing-pin, with a microdot in the head. Doesn't get dislodged by the cleaners. (PUTS IT IN HANDBAG) It may be our travel instructions.

CALLAN: Dying to get away, aren't you?

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NADIA: Yes.

CALLAN: Roll on 'death'.

CLOSE ON NADIA'S EXPRESSION.

NADIA: Please don't say that.

CUT TO:

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23. INT. EMBASSY ROOM. DAY.

CLOSE ON A FILE AS IT IS REMOVED FROM A DRAWER AND OPENED TO SHOW A PICTURE OF "ROSS" INSIDE. PULL BACK. CHELENKO STARES DOWN AT THE FILE. DOOR OPENS AND BELUKOV COMES IN. HE HAS BEEN PLAYING SQUASH, AND IS SWEATING PROFUSELY. HE THROWS HIS RACKET DOWN ON HIS DESK.

BELUKOV: Squash! How I hate this boring way of keeping fit! Do you suppose in the American Embassy they play skittles in the basement?

CHELENKO: I'm told they have excellent recreation facilities at Grosvenor Square.

BELUKOV, MOPPING HIS BROW WITH A TOWEL, GIVES HIM A PAINED LOOK.

BELUKOV: That's what I like about you, Chelenko. Your face ripples with good humour like a frozen lake. (CROSSES TO HIM) What are you snosing about in there for?

CHELENKO: I saw the girl, Mareschke, at the Tube station. Naturally she didn't know me.

BELUKOV: So?

CHELENKO: A man got into the lift with her. (BEAT) It wasn't Roscovitch.

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BELUKOV: Why should it have been our "Mr. Ross"? It might have been Mr. Smith, or Mr. Potts, or some other stray Englishman.

CHELENKO: I had the feeling they were together. In fact, I'm almost certain they were.

BELUKOV LOOKS CLOSELY AT HIM, TAKES THE FILE.

BELUKOV: Go on.

CHELENKO: It stands to reason, Colonel. She wouldn't make a collection with someone else there.

BELUKOV: Yet she did?

CHELENKO: I went down in the lift again, as soon as I could. The drawing pin was gone. So had she and this man. On a train that was just pulling out.

BELUKOV SITS DOWN AT HIS DESK THOUGHTFULLY.

BELUKOV: I see.

CHELENKO: It's just possible she got the thing from under the seat without being seen. But I stuck the pin in firmly.

BELUKOV: And a woman wouldn't risk breaking a nail. Whatever her job. (BEAT) All right, Chelenko. It may be a false alarm, but better to check up on it.

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CUT TO:

24. INT. BACKSHOP. DAY.

NADIA IS EXAMINING THE MICRODOT THROUGH THE MICROSCOPE, WATCHED BY CALLAN.

NADIA: (STRAIGHTENING) Austria.

CALLAN: That where you'll jump off from?

NADIA: Yes. Night flight to Vienna, next Friday. Almost time to start packing. I can hardly believe it!

CALLAN HAS PICKED UP A FRAMED PICTURE OF A YOUNG MAN.

CALLAN: Who's this? A boy-friend?

NADIA: My young brother, Nikki. I've missed him, but Father misses him most.

SHE SUDDENLY STARTS TO CRY, BUT BRINGS HERSELF QUICKLY UNDER CONTROL.

I'm sorry. But we've wanted to go home for a long time. And now that it's just a few days away...

CLOSE ON CALLAN AS HE NODS, LOOKING AT NADIA WITH GROWING UNEASE. ABRUPTLY HE TURNS AND STARTS TO PACK THE MICRODOT EQUIPMENT AND A CAMERA INTO A HOLDALL.

CALLAN: This all the equipment I need?

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NADIA: Yes. Do you think it's wise, taking it to your room?

CALLAN: I'm a bit rusty on photo work. Dots didn't come into my side of things in Denmark.

NADIA: But surely it'd be safer to brush up here? You could practice now, if you like.

CALLAN: Don't worry, I'll keep everything under lock and key. Besides, you and your father must have lots to talk about. (STARTS TO LEAVE) Thanks for the conducted tour.

AS HE REACHES THE DOOR CONNECTING WITH THE SHOP THERE IS THE SOUND OF THE SHOP BELL.

NADIA: That'll be Father now. Wait till he hears the news -

BUT CALLAN, GLANCING THROUGH TO THE SHOP, STIFFENS, MOTIONS TO HER TO KEEP QUIET.

NADIA: What is it?

CALLAN: The man in the shop...

CUT TO P.O.V. SHOT THROUGH THE SLIGHTLY OPEN DOOR INTO THE SHOP. THE MAN WHO HAS ENTERED IS CHELENKO, WEARING DIFFERENT CLOTHES. HE IS LOOKING AT SOME BIRDS IN CAGES.

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BACK TO CALLAN AND NADIA.

CALLAN: He came out of the lift at the Underground - as we were going in.

NADIA: (REACTS) Are you sure?

CALLAN: Positive.

NADIA: On the other side of London.

CALLAN: He's dressed differently, but it's the same man.

NADIA: Then he must be one of our people. The one who left the message.

CALLAN: Or one of their people.

SHE STARES AT HIM.

NADIA: A British agent?

CALLAN: They could have had a dozen men watching us, above and below ground, with transistors. Moving about like normal travellers.

NADIA CLOSES THE DOOR. A BEAT.

NADIA: What do you suggest?

CALLAN: (INDICATES HOLDALL) With this in my hand, the first thing is for me to get out of here. Is there another way?

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NADIA: Through there, a door to the side lane.

CALLAN: Right. Go in and keep him busy. Treat him as you'd treat any customer.

NADIA: He may not act like an ordinary customer.

CALLAN: Whoever he is, he's alone. Which means he's only come to have a look-see.

SHE NODS AND SLIPS ON HER OVERALL, GOES INTO THE SHOP. HOLD ON CALLAN, AT THE DOOR.

CALLAN'S VOICE: (S.O.V.) One of Belukov's boys. They never learn about those wide trouser legs.

CUT TO:

25. INT. PET SHOP. DAY.

NADIA WITH CHELENKO. THEY ARE AT THE FISH TANKS, WHERE HE IS PROFESSING AN INTEREST IN GOLDFISH.

NADIA: These Shubunkins are the most popular, three and six each. Do you want goldfish for indoors or outdoors?

CHELENKO: An indoor aquarium.

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NADIA: Well, that gives you quite a range. The Fantails, for instance -

CUT TO:

26. INT. BACKSHOP. DAY.

CLOSE ON CALLAN, AS HE LOOKS INTO THE SHOP, LISTENING. SOUND OF NADIA AND CHELENKO TALKING IN BACKGROUND.

CALLAN'S VOICE: (S.O.V.) Fishing, without breaking cover. No more than suspicious yet. Fits in with Hunter's idea about them defecting. Everything falls into his bloody lap.

CUT TO:

27. INT. PET SHOP. DAY.

NADIA AND CHELENKO. SHE IS NETTING GOLDFISH OUT OF THE TANK AND PUTTING IT IN A WATER-FILLED PLASTIC BAG.

NADIA: Anything else? Water plants... food....ornamental rockwork?

CHELENKO: Just the fish, thank you.

HE GIVES HER THE MONEY AND SHE GETS CHANGE OUT OF A TILL. CHELENKO GOES OVER

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TO THE MICE CAGE TO LOOK AT IT. NADIA TENSES AS HE TOUCHES IT.

CHELENKO: You've got a mini Noah's Ark here. Must be quite a handful.

NADIA: We manage.

CHELENKO: You and your father?

NADIA: (FROWNS) Yes. You know him?

CHELENKO: Only by sight. (BEAT) I suppose you find running a shop rather a tie? Getting away from it, I mean.

ON A SHELF NEAR THE CAGE LIES THE PILE OF HOLIDAY BROCHURES WE HAVE SEEN EARLIER. HE PICKS ONE UP.

NADIA: It's difficult, but we're managing a holiday next week, as a matter of fact.

CHELENKO: Far away places?

NADIA: (SMILES) Eight days, inclusive.

CHELENKO: Leaving all this?

NADIA: My cousin's keeping shop. He's...home from abraod.

CHELENKO: He'll have quite a lot to learn.

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CLOSE ON NADIA'S EXPRESSION.

CUT TO:

28. INT. PUB BEDROOM. DAY.

CALLAN IS STANDING BY THE WINDOW, LOOKING OUT. MERES SITS ON THE BED UNPACKING THE MICRODOT EQUIPMENT FROM THE HOLDALL, EXAMINES IT.

MERES: Standard kit, no maker's stamps. East German or Czechoslovakian, I should say.

CALLAN: Did you get Belukov's code-name?

SHOW CALLAN'S P.O.V. OF THE PET SHOP ACROSS THE STREET. CHELENKO STILL HASN'T COME OUT.

MERE'S VOICE: (S.O.V.) It's Oliver Cromwell. Bloody cheek.

BACK TO THE ROOM. CALLAN REMAINS BY THE WINDOW.

MERES: What's glueing you to that window?

CALLAN: One of Cromwell's men.

MERES JUMPS OFF THE BED AND COMES OVER TO THE WINDOW, CONCERNED.

MERES: In the pet shop - now?

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CALLAN: I don't see why you need wet your pants. It's me they're wondering about.

MERES: (REACTS) You mean you've been seen?

CALLAN: I walked into the Tube with the girl. What does that prove? They can't be sure about Roscovitch.

MERES: But if he's making sure?

CALLAN: She doesn't know whether he's friend or foe.

MERES: What happens if they let their hair down over there?

CALLAN: There'll be after me. Better run home to Uncle Charlie.

MERES GLARES AT HIM FOR THIS.

MERES: And you'd better get on with that microdot on the drawing-pin. Belukov must receive a message from Ross.that the Marshalls are defecting.

CALLAN: If I ever send it.

MERES: If?

CALLAN: Too bad there isn't another way.

MERES: Well, there isn't. The Marshalls are perfect bait.

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CALLAN: What happens to them after I shop them?

MERES: I thought you had a deep craving to kill Belukov?

CUT TO:

29. EXT. PET SHOP. DAY.

LONG SHOT FROM CALLAN'S P.O.V. TO SHOW CHELENKO LEAVING THE PET SHOP.

CUT TO:

30. INT. PUB BEDROOM. DAY.

CALLAN AND MERES WATCH. THEN CALLAN GRABS THE PHONE, DIALS.

CUT TO:

31. INT. BACKSHOP. DAY.

ON THE PHONE RINGING. NADIA COMES IN FROM THE SHOP TO ANSWER.

NADIA: Yes? You saw him leave? I had a job getting rid of him, but I didn't give anything away. All right, see you later.

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SHE RINGS OFF, HOLDS ONTO THE PHONE FOR A MOMENT. THEN REACTS AS THE SHOP BELL GOES.

CUT TO:

32. INT. PET SHOP. DAY.

MARSHALL HAS ENTERED CARRYING A PAPER SACK OF ANIMAL FOOD WHICH HE DUMPS DOWN WITH A GASP. NADIA APPEARS. AS HE STAGGERS WITH EXHAUSTION.

NADIA: You've carried that over half a mile. Look at you!

MARSHALL: (HARDLY ABLE TO SPEAK) I'll be fine, in a moment -

NADIA: Why didn't you get them to deliver it?

MARSHALL: They...couldn't until...next week. Don't fuss....

HE STUMBLES AGAINST SOME BIRD CAGES, KNOCKING THEM OVER. NADIA GETS AN ARM AROUND HIM AND PULL HIM TOWARDS THE BACKSHOP.

NADIA: You're going to bed, this minute.

CUT TO:

33. INT. PUB BEDROOM.

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CURTAINS DRAWN. CALLAN IS PHOTOGRAPHING A TYPED MESSAGE PLACED UNDER THE BESIDE LAMP. MICRODOT EQUIPMENT ON TABLE.

CUT TO:

34. INT. HUNTER'S OFFICE. DAY.

HUNTER AND MERES.

HUNTER: Do you think Callan suspects?

MERES: I don't know, sir. He's certainly gone soft on the girl and her father. I was afraid he might. Let's hope he wants to kill Belukov badly enough.

AT THAT MOMENT A BUZZER SOUNDS AND A LIGHT FLASHES ABOVE A SMALL SPEAKER GRILLE SET INTO THE WALL. HUNTER GETS UP FROM HIS DESK AND FLIPS A SWITCH BESIDE THE SPEAKER.

HUNTER: Yes?

VOICE: (FILTERED) Listening Section here, sir. Two phone calls on Shepherd's Bush.

MERES: The Pet shop.

VOICE: (CONT/D) One was incoming from someone who's voice we recognised as Callan's, sir. The other was outgoing, to Ladbroke.

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HUNTER: Put it on.

WE HEAR A RECORDING OF THE PHONE CONVERSATION BETWEEN NADIA AND A DOCTOR, BEGINNING WITH THE RINGING TONE.

DOCTOR: Ladbroke. Doctor Teasdale speaking.

NADIA: This is Miss Marshall, Doctor. Teasdale. Marshall's Pet Shop, Bushley Road,

DOCTOR: Yes?

NADIA: It's my father. He's had another collapse, and I'm very worried this time. He seems quite ill. He wasn't quite able to stand, so I got him to bed...

DOCTOR: I see. Well, keep him warm and rested, and I'll be round as soon as I can.

NADIA: Thank you, Doctor.

A CLICK, PHONE BURRS. HUNTER FLIPS THE SWITCH AND EXCHANGES A LOOK WITH MERES.

HUNTER: Damn!

CUT TO:

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35. INT. PUB BEDROOM.

CALLAN AT WORK ON THE MICRODOT. UNDER THE MICROSCOPE, USING TWEEZERS, WE SEE HIM PUT THE DOT INTO A CAVITY IN THE UNSCREWED HEAD OF A DRAWING PIN. THEN HE SCREWS THE HEAD ON. HE LAYS DOWN THE PIN AND STARTS TO PUT AWAY THE EQUIPMENT. THERE IS A KNOCK AT THE DOOR.

CALLAN: Who is it?

LONELY'S VOICE: It's me, Mr. Callan. Lonely.

CALLAN: Hang on a minute.

HE GETS THE REST OF THE THINGS INTO THE HOLDALL, PULLS THE CURTAINS TO ADMIT DAYLIGHT. THEN UNLOCKS THE DOOR TO LET LONELY IN. LONELY LOOKS AROUND THE ROOM.

LONELY: Are you on the run or something?

CALLAN: Thanks for shouting Callan outside the door.

LONELY: Sorry, but I remembered to say 'Ross' downstairs.

CALLAN: Just keep remembering.

LONELY: Must be snug, living on top of a boozer.

CALLAN: God, you smell like rising damp today, Lonely.

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LONELY: A drink might cure it, Mr. Callan.

CALLAN: It's out of hours.

LONELY: What do you want me to do?

CALLAN: Go to a Tube station, and use the lift.

LONELY: What for?

CALLAN: Take this drawing-pin. And keep it in your mitt, don't lose it.

HE HANDS LONELY THE DRAWING-PIN. LONELY LOOKS AT IT IN HIS HAND, THEN GLANCES AT CALLAN.

LONELY: You gone off your rocker, Mr. Callan?

CALLAN RATHER CRUELLY SQUASHES LONELY'S FIST.

CALLAN: Save the jokes. Get the lift on your own. That shouldn't be difficult with your B.O.

LONELY: Alright I get the lift on my own. Then what?

CALLAN: There's a bench. You reach under it, and stick the drawing-pin in.

LONELY: That all I do?

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CALLAN: (NODS) Then beat it.

LONELY: (SHAKING HIS HEAD) You just want me to -

HE BREAKS OFF AS THE PHONE RINGS. CALLAN PICKS IT UP.

CALLAN: Yes? Your father? How bad is it? Bad. I'll be over.

HE RINGS OFF, STARES AT LONELY. FOR A LONG MOMENT. LONELY SHRUGS.

LONELY: Just tell me the Tube Station, and I'll go and do it now.

CALLAN: Forget it

LONELY: Eh? (OPENS FIST) What about this?

CALLAN: Use it to pick your teeth. They could do with it. No, on second thoughts, I'd better have it back..

CUT TO:

36. INT. BACKSHOP. DAY.

THE DOCTOR IS WRITING OUT A PRESCRIPTION. MARSHALL IN THE DIVAN BED, NADIA ARRANGING HIS PILLOW.

NADIA: You shouldn't have carried that sack.

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MARSHALL: Perhaps not. But I'll soon be on my feet, yes Doctor?

DOCTOR: We'll see about that later.

MARSHALL EXCHANCES A LOOK WITH NADIA.

NADIA: The main thing is to rest.

DOCTOR: I'll be back in a couple of days. Take this last thing at night - it'll help you sleep. (TEARS OFF SLIP) Eat lightly - and don't smoke.

NADIA: Does he have to give it up?

A LOOK BETWEEN HER AND THE DOCTOR.

DOCTOR: (ON SECOND THOUGHTS) No, well, perhaps not.

MARSHALL: Thank you.

SHE GOES OUT WITH THE DOCTOR.

37. INT. PET SHOP. DAY.

NADIA CLOSES THE DOOR BEHIND THEM AS SHE SEES THE DOCTOR OUT THROUGH THE SHOP. SHE DROPS HER VOICE.

NADIA: How long?

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DOCTOR: Three, four months. But he'll get progressively more tired. Any physical exertion's bound to shorten his chances.

NADIA: How will he be in, say, a week's time?

DOCTOR: Fair. But let's just worry about the next few days, shall we?

NADIA: You don't understand. We... we're going on...holiday. Next Friday. Abroad.

DOCTOR: I'd say that's quite out of the question.

NADIA: But wouldn't the...change do him some good?

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DOCTOR: Travel, and I wouldn't give him more than six weeks. I can't say fairer than that.

NADIA: No, you can't. Thank you for coming, Doctor.

SHE SEES HIM OUT, TURNS TO FIND CALLAN. HE HAS BEEN STANDING BEHIND A TALL RANK OF HUTCHES, LISTENING.

CALLAN: Your father's dying.

NADIA: Yes.

CALLAN: Does he know?

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NADIA: No.

CALLAN: But you knew before today?

NADIA: (NODS) The last time he fell ill he had a hospital test. They told me then.

CALLAN: That's why you're being recalled?

NADIA: (NODS) I don't care what the doctor says. We're going.

SHE CRIES SOFTLY. CAMERA GOES/CLOSE ON CALLAN.

CALLAN'S VOICE: (S.O.V) You're the lowest, Hunter. You knew, and you pushed me into this just the same...

CUT TO:

38. INT. HUNTER'S OFFICE. DAY

CLOSE ON HUNTER. HE IS HAVING A FURIOUS ROW WITH CALLAN.

HUNTER: What difference does it make?

CALLAN: Trust you, Hunter! Only you could make use of a man with a few weeks to live! The next thing you'll be saying is, 'That's life'!

HUNTER: Well, isn't it?

CALLAN: You know damn well I wouldn't have gone within a mile of that shop if I'd known.

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HUNTER: I thought killing Belukov was what mattered to you?

CALLAN: There's always another time, and I don't want any part of it.

HUNTER: You seem to have forgotten, Callan, that the Marshalls are spies.

CALLAN: Tiddlers. Postal clerks. You said it yourself.

HUNTER: I never said anything about letting them leave the country.

CALLAN: You could allow them to slip out. It's been done before.

HUNTER: (SHRUGS) As a swap for two of our people, perhaps.

CALLAN LOOKS CLOSELY AT HUNTER'S EXPRESSION.

CALLAN: But you can't arrange that, can you? (HUNTER STAYS SILENT) Because Marshall isn't worth anything to the other side now.

HUNTER: He and his daughter are worth somethin to us. As a means of getting Belukov.

CALLAN: Then you turn them over to the Special Branch coppers, who all get their pictures in the paper.

HUNTER: I'm bound to. What else did you expect? (HE GETS UP FROM THE DESK, FEELING HE'S SETTLED THE ARGUMENT) The trouble with you is your softness blinds you to reality.

CALLAN: I'm not that blind, Hunter.

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HUNTER: Really?

CALLAN: Why do you want'em? Part of the annual drive? Make you up to Brigadier, will they?

HUNTER: (RATTLED) That's enough!+

CALLAN: The Marshalls will get twenty years apiece, and the old man will be dead in a British jail within a couple of months. What do you do....play the National Anthemn each time you leave tne office?

HUNTER: I'm beginning to doubt your loyalty, Callan.

CALLAN: If you mean for you, you're dead right. You want Belukov, you can get him yourself. Put Meres on it, though Belukov will probably eat him alive.

HUNTER: It's too late for that.

CALLAN: Oh, no, it isn't. I didn't deliver the phoney message about them defecting.

CALLAN HAS PRODUCED THE DRAWING PIN. CALLOUSLY HE STICKS IT IN HUNTER'S DESK TOP.

HUNTER: That's not what I meant, Callan. (CALLAN PAUSES AT THE DOOR AS HUNTER FLIPS HIS INTERCOM SWITCH) Ask Mere's to come in. (A PAUSE, THEN MERES ENTERS) Well?

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FADE IN:

PART THREE

39. INT. EMBASSY ROOM. DAY

ROSS SITS IN A CHAIR, CHELENKO STANDING BESIDE HIM. BELUKOV PACES UP AND DOWN THE ROOM, ANGRY AND THOUGHTFUL IN TURN.

BELUKOV: You see? You see what happens when they chain me to a desk? Fools on the outside bring us to the verge of disaster!

CHELENKO: I was right about the man I saw at the Tube.

BELUKOV: Yes, yes. Obviously. But you failed to find out anything at the shop.

CHELENKO: You ordered me not to make myself known, Colonel.

BELUKOV: So you came back with a handful of goldfish!

HE GOES TO GAZE AT A LARGE STREET MAP OF LONDON ON A WALL. THEN TURNS TO ADDRESS ROSS.

BELUKOV: How much do you think this man - this substitute - has told his Section?

ROSS: (SHRUGS) I couldn't say.

BELUKOV COMES OVER AND STANDS IN FRONT OF ROSS'S CHAIR.

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BELUKOV: And how much did you tell them?

ROSS: (UNCOMFORTABLE) Very little.

BELUKOV: But enough for them to put someone in your place. (BEAT) To me that sounds like a lot, Comrade.

ROSS: I assure you, they only forced me to reveal a few minor details. I was given a rough time. It's in my report.

CHELENKO LIFTS A TYPED REPORT FROM THE DESK.

CHELENKO: It's all here.

BELUKOV TAKES THE SHEET OF PAPER, GIVES IT ONLY A CASUAL GLANCE

BELUKOV: Were they as slack as this in Copenhagen?

ROSS: (COLDLY) May I remind you, Colonel, they knew of my arrival, in London.

BELUKOV: Maybe. But couldn't you have avoided arrest?

ROSS: They said it was Customs search. I had to behave like an ordinary passenger.

BELUKOV: Like a good agent, you have plenty of backchat. But a really good agent would have sensed danger. (LAYS DOWN REPORT) You don't even know where you were questioned....?

ROSS: I escaped from a van while I was being taken from one place to another.

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BELUKOV: (TESTILY) For all the good you are now, Roscovitch, you might as well have finished the trip!

ROSS: I take it you'll have me re-assigned?

BELUKOV: I'll request it with pleasure.(BEAT) But I don't hold out much hope for you.

ROSS: What do you mean?

BELUKOV: You failed.

ROSS: (REACTS) But my report makes it clear I was uncovered before I even had a chance to -

BELUKOV: (OVER) I will make the report. (DISMISSES HIM) That's all.

ROSS GIVES HIM A LOOK, THEN EXITS. BELUKOV RETURNS TO THE MAP, BANGS HIS FIST OVER THE SHEPHERD'S BUSH AREA.

BELUKOV: Dead-letter boxes we can do something about. But there are documents there. Signal codes, frequencies, transmission times.

CHELENKO: (NODS) And the equipment.

BELUKOV: If it isn't too late, everything must be removed (BEAT) Everything. Yes?

CHELENKO: Yes, Colonel. I'll look after it myself, immediately. But may I make a suggestion, sir?

BELUKOV: Yes?

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CHELENKO: Why don't I take someone with me, and remove this English agent Callan to a place for questioning? Give them a taste of their own -

CAMERA PUSHES IN CLOSE ON BELUKOV'S EXPRESSION. HE INTERRUPTS.

BELUKOV: Callan?

CHELENKO: Yes, sir. Roscovitsh overheard his real name. (PICKS UP REPORT) He's put it in the report...

BUT BELUKOV IGNORES THE TYPED SHEET AND GOES TO A FILE CABINET, PULLS OUT A DRAWER. HE LIFTS OUT A FILE, OPENS IT TO REVEAL A PHOTGRAPH OF CALLAN. HE HOLDS IT OUT FOR CHELENKO TO SEE.

BELUKOV: Is this the man you saw with the girl?

CHELENKO: (SURPRISED) Yes...that's him. I had no idea he was in there. You know him, Colonel?

BELUKOV: Yes. (BEAT) Yes, I do.

HE WALKS TO HIS DESK, LAYS DOWN THE FILE. PHOTOUPPERMOST. HIS EYES ARE ON CALLAN EVEN AS HE OPENS A DRAWER AND BRINGS OUT A REVOLVER. CHELENKO STARES AT HIM.

CHELENKO: You're going to deal with it yourself?

BELUKOV: Yes. Chelenko. Look after the office.

CHELENKO: He means something to you, Callan?

BELUKOV: Yes. I missed him once.....

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CUT TO:

40. INT. PET SHOP. DAY

CALLAN SETS DOWN HIS SUITCASE AND THE HOLDALL. NADIA, WEARING A COAT, IS LOOKING AT HIM WITH SURPRISE.

NADIA: Moving in?

CALLAN: Better for me to be on the spot with your father laid up.

NADIA: But the pub's only across the street. There's nowhere for you to sleep.

CALLAN: I can doss down on the couch, (NOTICES HER COAT) Where are you going?

NADIA: I need to do some shopping?

CALLAN: Nearby?

NADIA: Practically next door.

CALLAN PROWLS BETWEEN THE CAGES AS IF HE EXPECTS TO FIND SOMEONE.

CALLAN: All right, but make it quick. How is your father?

NADIA: He's dozing.

CALLAN REACHES THE DOOR CONNECTING WITH THE BACKSHOP. HE GLANCES IN.

CALLAN: Is the side door locked?

NADIA: Yes.

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CALLAN: When you come back, I want you to stay in the backshop with him. I'll look after things out here.

CALLAN DRAGS A LARGE DISPLAY STAND OUT FROM THE WALL TO FORM A USEFUL PIECE OF COVER.

NADIA: What is this, some kind of siege?

CALLAN: You may be having another visitor. Someone who's best left to me to handle.

NADIA: I wish you'd tell me what's happening.

CALLAN: Nothing for you to worry about.

NADIA: It's because of that man who was here earlier, isn't it?

CALLAN: Partly.

NADIA GROWS MORE WORRIED

NADIA: Look, if there's a danger of us being arrested, shouldn't we get out altogether? And tell Belukov?

CALLAN: No need. I reckon he's got the message already.

CUT TO:

41. INT. TARGET RANGE. DAY

CLOSE ON HUNTER WITH A RIFLE, FIRING SEVERAL ROUNDS IN RAPID SUCCESSION, MERES WALKS INTO SHOT.

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MERES: Looks like nice grouping, sir.

HUNTER: Not quite concert pitch. (GIVES MERES RIFLE) Let's see who's got their eye in today.

MERES BLASTS OFF AT THE TARGET, STRAIGHTENS.

HUNTER: Good, You mightn't even need this.

HE HANDS OVER A TELESCOPIC SIGHT TO A SURPRISED MERES.

MERES: You want me to use it?

HUNTER: Keep it handy. You never know, Callan might miss.

MERES: The room across the street?

HUNTER: Callan's paid the rent, even if he has moved out.

PHONE RINGS. MERES ANSWERS.

MERES: (INTO PHONE) Yes? Right. (HE RINGS OFF) Belukov just left the Embassy...

CUT TO:

42. INT. PET SHOP. DAY

VERY CLOSE ON A REVOLVER BEING CHECKED. PULL OUT TO SHOW CALLAN. HE FITS A SILENCER.

MARSHALL'S VOICE: Is anyone there?

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CALLAN SWIFTLY PUTS THE GUN IN HIS POCKET AND GOES INTO THE BACKSHOP.

CUT TO:

43. INT. BACKSHOP. DAY

MARSHALL IS SITTING UP IN BED AS CALLAN ENTERS.

MARSHALL: It's you, Roscovitch. Where's Nadia?

CALLAN: She'll be back any moment. How do you feel?

AS THEY TALK CALLAN GIVES HIM A CIGARETTE, LIGHTS IT.

MARSHALL: Much better. This would have to happen now.

CALLAN: You're tired. Forty ought to be the limit in this game.

MARSHALL: Yes. We start off with no nerves to trouble us, then gradually we come to be made up of nothing else. That's what tires us out in the end.

CALLAN: Never mind, you'll get over it.

MARSHALL: Oh, I shall travel next week. I shan't be lying here.

CALLAN: That's the spirit.

MARSHALL: (BEAT) But I won't get over it. (CALLAN FROWNS, DOESN'T ANSWER) It's all right I've guessed. It isn't just my espionage days

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MARSHALL: (Contd) that are over. (BEAT) Did Nadia tell you?

CALLAN: She thinks you don't know.

MARSHALL: Better she goes on thinking that.

CALLAN: Sure.

HE SHOOTS A GLANCE AT A CLOCK, WHICH SEEMS TO TICK LOUDER THAN USUAL. MARSHALL HAS LEANED OVER TO POUR TWO DRINKS. HE HANDS ONE TO CALLAN.

MARSHALL: There are so many things I should be showing you, if you're to operate efficiently here. I'll have to leave it all to Nadia, I'm afraid.

CALLAN: You do that.

JUST AS CALLAN IS THROWING BACK HIS DRINK THE SHOP BELL SOUNDS. HE STIFFENS, LAYS DOWN HIS GLASS. SOUND OF BIRDS, ANIMALS.

MARSHALL: You should try not to tense every time you hear that bell. (SMILES) Remember it's a pet shop.

CALLAN MAKES FOR THE DOOR.

CALLAN: A right little jungle clearing....

CUT TO:

44. INT. PET SHOP. DAY

CLOSE ON CALLAN AS HE COMES OUT OF THE BACKSHOP, SCREENED BY THE DISPLAY STAND HE'S PULLED ACROSS THE DOOR.

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SOUND OF FOOTSTEPS. SLOWLY HE MAKES HIS WAY ALONG PAST A TALL ROW OF CAGES, REVOLVER IN HAND. THEN, REACHING A BREAK, HE STEPS OUT. CUT TO ANOTHER ANGLE. NADIA, WALKING DOWN THE OTHER SIDE OF THE CAGES, WHIRLS ROUND, REACTS. SHE STARES AT THE GUN IN CALLAN'S HAND.

NADIA: Just who are you waiting for?

CALLAN: Do yourself a favour. Don't ask questions.

NADIA: You seem to have taken over here already.

CALLAN: For your own good.

CUT TO:

45. INT. PUB BEDROOM. DAY

HUNTER AND MERES AT THE WINDOW. MERES ASSEMBLING RIFLE. THERE IS A KNOCK AT THE DOOR.

VOICE: Mr Rosa? I got your message.

AT A NOD FROM HUNTER, MERES GOES BEHIND THE DOOR WITH THE RIFLE. HUNTER OPENS THE DOOR. LONELY STANDS THERE.

HUNTER: Come in.

LONELY HESITATES, THEN ENTERS THE ROOM. AS HUNTER CLOSES THE DOOR LONELY SEES MERES, THE RIFLE, REACTS.

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LONELY: What's happened to Mr. Callan?

HUNTER: Come over by the window. (LEADS LONELY OVER) See the pet shop?

LONELY: Yes.

HUNTER: Your friend Callan's in there.

LONELY LOOKS ANXIOUSLY AT THE RIFLE AS MERES TAKES UP HIS POSITION AT THE WINDOW AGAIN.

LONELY: What's that for?

MERES: Don't worry, Callan isn't due for removal just yet. This is only in case he makes a mess of things.

LONELY: Did he send for me?

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HUNTER: No, I did.

LONELY TURNS, READY TO LEAVE.

LONELY: I only works for him.

HUNTER: We know, and that's why we want you to go across to the pet shop.

MERES: You'll pong lesw in there.

HUNTER: You want to help him, don't you?

LONELY: Sure, if he's in trouble.

HUNTER: Good. Trouble hasn't quite arrived yet, and I want you to go straight across and tell him Charlie's at the ringside. Tell him as soon as Oliver Cromwell's been polished off, he's to phone me here. Got it?

LONELY: I think so.

HUNTER LEADS HIM TO THE DOOR, SEES HIM OUT. HUNTER WALKS BACK TO THE WINDOW.

MERES: Just as well you weren't directly involved with Cromwell, sir.

HUNTER: Oh. Why?

MERES: He once lopped off another Charlie's head, sir.

CLOSE ON HUNTER'S EXPRESSION.

CUT TO:

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46. CLOSE SHOT. BELUKOV.

HE IS DRIVING, BUT WE SEE NOTHING MORE THAN HIS FACE AND HIS HAND ON THE WHEEL.

CUT TO:

47, INT. PET SHOP. DAY.

CALLAN AND LONELY. CALLAN GAZES OUT OF THE WINDOW TOWARDS THE PUB OPPOSITE.

LONELY: I thought they were sitting up there ready to pick you off.

CALLAN: Some day they will, Lonely.

LONELY: But who, Mr.Callan? What sort of trouble are you in?

CALLAN: Don't ask questions. Scarper.

LONELY: If you're up against a mob, I could round up a few lads of me own...

CALLAN HAS MOVED TO A BIRD CAGE THAT HANGS FROM THE CEILING. IT'S ABOUT HEAD HEIGHT, SWAYING A LITTLE. HE STEADIES IT WITH BOTH HANDS, THEN BRINGS OUT A GUN AND LAYS IT ON THE FLAT TOP OF THE CAGE WHERE IT WOULD BE JUST OUT OF VIEW OF ANYONE BUT A VERY TALL MAN. LONELY SEES THE GUN, HOWEVER.

LONELY: You going to use that on this Cromwell bloke, Mr.Callan?

NADIA'S VOICE: Callan?

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ANOTHER ANGLE. NADIA STANDS IN THE DOORWAY, A GUN IN HER HAND.

CALLAN: I told you to stay in the backshop

NADIA: You aren't Roscovitch...

CALLAN'S HAND IS HOVERING UP NEAR THE BIRDCAGE, WAITING FOR THE RIGHT MOMENT TO GRAB HIS GUN.

CALLAN: No.

NADIA: British.

CALLAN: Didn't realise it showed.

NADIA LOOKS AT LONELY, WHO IS BOTH BAFFLED AND SHAKING WITH NERVES.

NADIA: Who is this?

CALLAN: Fellow of the Royal Zoological Society.(BEAT) Let him go. Or at least put him out of the way in the backshop.

SHE HESITATES, THEN MOTIONS FOR LONELY TO GO INTO THE BACKSHOP. HE GOES.

NADIA: You were planted on us?

CALLAN: Right.

NADIA: To kill Belukov?

CALLAN: That's the general idea. You may not believe this, but I'm sorry you and your old man had to be involved.

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NADIA: If you really mean that, you're a very strange sort of Special Branchman. We're spies, after all.

CALLAN: I'm not a copper. And I am strange, love.

JUST AS CALLAN'S HAND IS GOING FOR THE GUN -

NADIA: Please stand away from that birdcage!

SLOWLY, HE MOVES AWAY FROM THE CAGE, NEARER TO HER. SHE INDICATES HER OWN GUN.

NADIA: (CONTD) This was in case you needed me. It's just as well I had it.

CALLAN: I still wouldn't give much for your chances when the boss man gets here.

NADIA: What do you mean?

CALLAN: Belukov won't just be coming for me. He'll get rid of both of you, too.

NADIA: Nonsense. Why would he eliminate his own people?

CALLAN: Because the balloon's up. And knowing Belukov, he'll shoot everything down. You were going back, giving up. You're expendable. Your father even more so.

SHE STARES AT HIM. CALLAN LOOKS OVER HER SHOULDER, PRETENDING SOMEONE IS THERE.

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CALLAN: That's right, isn't it, Mr. Marshall?

JUST FOR A FRACTION OF A SECOND NADIA TURNS HER HEAD. AND IN THAT INSTANT CALLAN CHOPS DOWN WITH HIS HAND TO KNOCK THE GUN FROM HER GRASP. HE GETS IT. THEN POINTS TO THE BACKSHOP.

CUT TO:

48. INT. BACKSHOP. DAY.

MARSHALL LOOKS UP WITH SURPRISE AS NADIA RETURNS WITH CALLAN. CALLAN GIVES LONELY NADIA'S GUN, WHICH HE HOLDS LIKE A HOT POTATO.

MARSHALL: What's going on?

CALLAN: I don't want you and your daughter getting in the way.

MARSHALL. In the way of what?

CALLAN: (TO LONELY) You make sure. Okay, Lonely?

LONELY: Mr.Callan, I've a confession to make. Hardware's been my business for years, but I never once pulled a trigger.

CALLAN: Easy. You just pull thetrigger.

CUT TO:

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49. INT. PUB BEDROOM. DAY.

CLOSE ON HUNTER AND MERES. SOMETHING THEY SEE O.S. MAKES THEM SIT UP AND TAKE NOTICE.

HUNTER: What's that?

CUT TO:

50. EXT. PET SHOP. DAY. (P.O.V.)

AN RSPCA VAN HAS PULLED UP OUTSIDE THE PET SHOP AND A UNIFORMED INSPECTOR OPENS THE BACK, BRINGS OUT A HUTCH. (PETS IN IT AS PRACTICAL)

CUT TO:

51. INT. PUB BEDROOM. DAY.

HUNTER AND MERES.

MERES: RSPCA, Sir.

HUNTER: (TOUCH OF DISGUST) In the best British tradition! Trust 'em to call right now...

CUT TO:

52. INT. BACKSHOP. DAY.

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SHOP
AS THE/BELL GOES. EVERYONE TENSES, THEN CALLAN GOES OUT TO THE SHOP, THE DOOR LEFT AJAR BEHIND HIM.

CUT TO:

53. INT. PET SHOP. DAY.

CALLAN EDGES INTO THE SHOP, HIS HAND NEAR THE BIRDCAGE WHERE THE GUN LIES. THEN HE SEES ABOVE THE HUTCH, WHICH IS BEING CARRIED HIGH, THE CAP OF AN RSPCA INSPECTOR. NOTHING OF THE MAN'S FACE CAN BE SEEN. CALLAN'S HAND RELAXES, MOVES AWAY FROM THE CAGE.

VOICE: Mr.Marshall?

CALLAN: He's laid up...

AT THAT MOMENT THE HUTCH IS LOWERED AND WE SEE THAT IT IS BELUKOV. HE HAS A GUN WITH SILENCER POINTING STRAIGHT AT CALLAN.

BELUKOV: Andyou are a stand-in, Callan. In more ways than one.

CALLAN: Fancy uniforms are all the rage nowadays.

BELUKOV SMILES, DOFFS HIS CAP.

BELUKOV: Hardly exciting, but functional. And it is work, after all.

CALLAN NODS AT THE GUN.

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CALLAN: What's that...your humane killer?

BELUKOV: It feels a little strange - but not too much.(SMILES) Most of the time now, I'm pushing a pen.

CALLAN: Since your crack-up?

BELUKOV: Needling me, eh, Callan? You know, you never came into my Middle East area again, and I was sorry.

CALLAN: I never got the chance. And I was even sorrier.

BELUKOV: Let's see, it must be three or four years.

CALLAN: Six.

BELUKOV: So long? And here you are. Imagine, in the whole of London, you turn up inside my own organisation!

SHOW CALLAN'S HAND AT THE BIRDCAGE. HE PRETENDS TO BE STROKING THE BARS TO ATTRACT THE BIRD.
CUT TO THE BACKSHOP WHERE LONELY KEEPS NADIA AND HER FATHER AT GUNPOINT.

CALLAN: Happy to be of service.

BELUKOV: I feel I've been made rather a fool of.

CALLAN: Good.

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BELUKOV: Before I shoot you, do you mind telling me how much you've passed on to your people?

CALLAN: I'll leave you guessing.

BELUKOV: I could have had one of my assistants come along anddo this job. But when I heard it was you...(BEAT) One likes to tie up ends. Even after six years.

CALLAN: I know just how you feel.

CALLAN TRIES TO GET THE GUN OFF THE TOP OF THE CAGE,BUT IT IS SWAYING SLIGHTLY. BELUKOV COMES FORWARD - AND HE TOO TOUCHES THE CAGE, CAUSING IT TO SWING EVEN MORE. CLOSE ON CALLAN.

BELUKOV: I almost got you, when that other little "bird" got in our way.

WITH A ROUGH GESTURE BELUKOV PUSHES THE CAGE ASIDE NOW -- AND THE GUN SLIDES OFF, FALLS BETWEEN THEM. BELUKOV REACTS, THEN GIVES CALLAN A LOOK.

BELUKOV: Instinct. What a useful thing it is! (BEAT) Where are the Marshalls?

INTERCUT WITH THE GROUP IN THE BACKSHOP.

CALLAN: Are you going to put them down, too?

BELUKOV: Much as I regret it, I have to protect the network.

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CALLAN: Protect your own interests, you mean.

BELUKOV: (SMILES) Why not be honest. Yes, even if I did get them out of the country now, they'd calk back home. It'd give a very bad impression.

CALLAN. They want outof spying altogether. Why should they talk if you don't want them to?

BELUKOV: I can't take the risk. Anyhow, what difference does it make for him.. a few weeks.

CUT TO CLOSE SHOT MARSHALL, THEN NADIA. PAN DOWN TO SHOW HER SCRIBBLING A NOTE FOR LONELY. IT READS "DO YOU WANT TO SEE CALLAN KILLED"?

BELUKOV:(CONTD) I'm afraid I also can't take the risk of having you catch up with me again, Callan.

HE RAISES THE GUN TO SHOOT CALLAN.

CALLAN: I'm glad you've realised it... I caught up with you. You were meant to walk into this mousetrap, and you did.

CLOSE ON BELUKOV, WORRIED FOR A FRACTION OF A SECOND. THEN HE SMILES.

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BELUKOV: Too bad it didn't work.

JUST AS HIS FINGER TIGHTENS ON THE TRIGGER, THERE IS A SHOT. BELUKOV TAKES A BULLET IN THE CHEST. HE GRABS HIS CHEST, THEN SAGS TO THE FLOOR, DROPPING THE GUN. ANOTHER ANGLE TO SHOW NADIA IN THE DOORWAY. SOUND OF DOGS BARKING, BIRDS CHIRPING.

CALLAN: You scared the pets.

DISSOLVE TO:

54. INT. PUB.BEDROOM. DAY.

HUNTER AND MERES. HUNTER FROWNS AT HIS WATCH.

HUNTER: Belukov's had plenty of time to get here.

MERES: He may be hanging about waiting for that van to go. (THEN) Looks like it's pushing off now, sir.

55. EXT. PET SHOP. DAY. (P.O.V.)

THE UNIFORMED INSPECTOR COMES OUT WITH A CRATE WHEELS IT TO THE VAN. NADIA HELPS AS THE CRATE IS LOADED INTO THE VAN, THEN IT DRIVES OFF. SHE WALKS BACK INTO THE SHOP.

CUT TO:

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56. INT. BACKSHOP. DAY.

NADIA COMES IN FROM THE SHOP AND GIVES LONELY A NOD. HE PICKS UP THE PHONE AND DIALS, WAITS.

LONELY: (INTO PHONE) Charlie? Your friend said to tell you it's time to step across the road.

CUT TO:

57. INT. PET SHOP. DAY.

CLOSE ON HUNTER, IRATE.

HUNTER: What do you mean, Callan's gone?

PULL BACK TO SHOW LONELY. MERES IS IN THE B.G., KNEELING, EXAMINING A STAIN ON THE FLOOR.

MERES: Blood on the floor, sir.

HUNTER:Then he's done it.

LONELY: Bloke was shot, but he isn't dead.

HUNTER: What the hell's Callan playing at?

HUNTER MARCHES INTO THE BACKSHOP.

CUT TO:

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58. INT. BACKSHOP. DAY.

NADIA AND MARSHALL. HUNTER COMES IN, FOLLOWED BY MERES.

HUNTER: (TO NADIA) You helped him get Belukov away from here.

NADIA: Yes.

HUNTER GOES OVER TO THE BED TO SPEAK TO MARSHALL.

HUNTER: You'd better get dressed.

MARSHALL: He's very brave, your Mr.Callan. If a little unorthodox.

HUNTER: I don't need a testimonial. Where is he?

AT THAT MOMENT THE PHONE RINGS. HUNTER LOOKS AT IT. NADIA ANSWERS. THEN HOLDS IT OUT TO HUNTER.

NADIA: For you.

HUNTER: (GRABS IT) Yes? Callan, where are you?

INTERCUT WITH:

59. INT. PUB BEDROOM. DAY.

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CALLAN ON THE PHONE BY THE WINDOW. BELUKOV IS ON THE BED, IN A BAD WAY. HE IS SEMI CONSCIOUS AND BLOOD SEEPS FROM THE CHEST WOUND. CALLAN HAS HIS GUN IN HIS HAND.

CALLAN: I phoned to do a deal.

HUNTER: A deal?

CALLAN: I'll finish the job when you put the Marshalls on a plane.

HUNTER: (REACTS) That's impossible.

CALLAN: You can do it. Straight home. Now.

HUNTER: Look, Callan, this is -

CALLAN: (OVER) There's a plane every evening at six-thirty. That gives you or Meres just over an hour to get them to London Airport. If they aren't aboard, Belukov goes back to the Embassy.

HE HANGS UP. GOES OVER TO LOOK AT BELUKOV, THEN GLANCES AT A CLOCK ON THE TABLE BESIDE THE PHONE. IT SAYS FIVE TWENTY.

CAMERA GOES IN CLOSE ON THE CLOCK.

SLOW MIX TO THE CLOCK NOW REGISTERING SIX THIRTY-FOUR. PULL BACK TO SHOW CALLAN STARING AT IT. ANGLE WIDENS TO INCLUDE BELUKOV.

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BELUKOV: The Marshalls were taken to the airport?

CALLAN: I saw them leave the shop in a car.

THE PHONE RINGS. CALLAN GRABS IT. INTERCUT WITH LONELY IN PHONE BOOTH. AIRPORT NOISES IN B.G.

LONELY: They've gone, Mr.Callan. Plane took off two minutes ago.

CALLAN: Thanks, Lonely.

HE RINGS OFF. TURNS TO THE BED. LONG PAUSE.

BELUKOV: What are you waiting for?

CALLAN: Couldn't you have stayed unconscious?

BELUKOV: It would have been easier, wouldn't it.

CALLAN: It isn't all that hard, with a bastard like you.

BELUKOV: But still you can't pull the trigger.

BELUKOV IS DYING ALREADY. HE HAS GREAT DIFFICULTY IN TALKING. CALLAN HAS THE GUN NEAR HIS HEAD, AND HE'S SWEATING.

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BELUKOV: (CONTD) You...can't leave me here, though. I'd just go into hospital with diplomatic immunity. (BEAT) If you were one of my people, Callan, I'd fire you. Lack the right steel...the real impluse...That girl I shot in Beirut. She needn't have died...

CALLAN:(HARSHLY) No...

BELUKOV: And...she wouldn't have, if you'd killed me when you had the chance earlier. But...you weren't tough enough. You were soft then, just as weak as you are now...

CALLAN: Go on. You're making it easier. (BEAT) Go on!

CLOSE ON CALLAN, WILLING HIMSELF TO PULL THE TRIGGER. HE CAN'T. THEN, SLOWLY, HE LOWERS THE GUN. ANGLE WIDENS TO SHOW BELUKOV. HE IS DEAD. CALLAN SAGS FOR A MOMENT. HE TAKES A BLANKET, WIPES HIS FOREHEAD WITH A CORNER OF IT, THEN THROWS IT OVER BELUKOV.

HE WALKS OUT.

FADE OUT.

THE END

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